

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 573.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874.

PRICE 1½d.

## DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S IMPROVEMENTS.

A LARGE portion of the energy and enterprise that distinguished his illustrious relative, the great Duke of Bridgewater, seems to have been inherited by the present Duke of Sutherland. During the thirteen years that have elapsed since he acquired possession of the property, the county of Sutherland has been well-nigh revolutionised, and a great many works are in progress which may have a most important effect upon the future well-being of the people. We may enumerate some of the works in which the Duke has in late years engaged: Railways in the Highlands at a cost of upwards of three hundred thousand pounds. Opening lime-quarries, and building lime-kilns at Laing and Erribol. Placing a steam-barge on Loch Shin for goods-traffic. Reopening and working coal-mines at Brora. Erecting a large brick-work and manufactory of tiles, draining-pipes, fire-bricks, &c. Reclamation of land on a very large scale at various places, especially at Laing, by means of steam-ploughs of novel construction and remarkable power. Introducing road-locomotives and portable thrashing-machines. Providing steam-ploughs for hire. Laying oyster-beds. Breeding salmon on a large scale, and trying the effect of introducing the breed of such rivers as the Tweed, the Tay, and the Thurso, into the small rivers of Sutherland. Gas-making from peat: and testing the value of peat as fuel for domestic purposes, for engines, lime-burning, &c. Experiments for improving the quality and durability of home-grown timber. Trying the effects of pure-water irrigation on lawn and mountain grasses. Extensive planting. Division of shootings and building lodges, with a view to increasing the number of resident shooting tenants. Erection of saw-mills and steam-carpentry works capable of turning out every kind of wood-work necessary for building houses, &c. Workshops for repairing steam-ploughs and machinery of every kind.

All this, it must be remembered, is irrespective

of the ordinary management of an immense territory, the organisation of a body of Volunteers, which embraces the whole strength of the county, and the maintenance of a splendid hospitality, not confined to the Duke's palatial residence at Dunrobin, but carried on at Stafford House, Trentham, and Lilleshall, where industrial works of scarcely less magnitude than those in Sutherland, have His Grace's constant attention and supervision. That supervision is not a fiction: early and late His Grace is on the move: as other people order their carriage round at a certain hour, the Duke bespeaks his private engine at the Dunrobin station, and he likes to drive it himself.

Improvements in Sutherland are not all of recent date. Much had already been done by the late Duke and his predecessor. Roads were made; farms adjusted and let on lease; good dwelling-houses and farm-steadings had been erected where required; the old castle of Dunrobin, the family seat for many centuries, had been converted into a palace worthy of royalty; and the county was in a settled, prosperous, and easy-going condition, but cut off from the world, inasmuch as it lacked railway communication. This desideratum has now been supplied. A line of the ordinary four feet eight and a half inch gauge penetrates the county, and communicates with the two principal towns of Caithness, so that carriages can be sent literally from the Pentland Firth to the British Channel without interruption. The construction of part of the line—Golspie to Helmsdale—was undertaken in a great measure for the relief of the people of Sutherland, who had had two or three bad fishing seasons, and were in distress. Without waiting for an act of parliament, or calling for contracts, the Duke broke ground at Golspie for a continuation of the Highland Railway, and at once offered employment to the people of the district. He was his own contractor, bought his own ballast-trucks, the timber for the sleepers came from his own estate, was sawn at his own saw-mills, and the stone for the bridges came from his own quarries. The men were paid by weekly wages; and when the work was done, and seventeen miles

of railway constructed on this principle, the Duke had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not only helped the people at a pinch, but had made the very cheapest railway that has yet been opened in the kingdom. To complete the notice of this peculiar piece of work, the government inspector said it was as good a railway as could be constructed; and when the Duke opened it for traffic, he drove the engine himself, and on the foot-plate with him were the Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Sutherland.

As far as Helmsdale, the construction of the line was easy. Between the mountains and the sea lies a belt of flat land, for the most part of sharp good soil, that bears fine crops of barley and potatoes, and yields as excellent early grass as any in the north. This is the only part of the county in which there is any population to speak of, and the railway thereafter passes through a tract of land such as it is hard to associate with the idea of travelling in the Highlands of Scotland. There are miles and miles of the most dreary moorland, as flat as the palm of the hand; not a tree or a bush is to be seen, not even the fragrant bog-myrtle; but there are multitudes of shallow lakes, which hold splendid trout and give good angling. Peaty water and good fish seem incompatible, but may be reconciled by the fact, that where the railway here and there cuts deeper than the growth of peat, the soil on which it rests appears to be of a marly clay, and where there is plenty of marl in water, the fish generally are pink like salmon. The termini at Wick and Thurso are both places of interest in their way—the former, the great centre of the herring-fishing; and the latter, a well-built, genteel, county capital, at the mouth of one of the finest salmon rivers in the world, and within easy reach of firm yellow sands by the sea-shore, such as are in themselves an inducement to sea-bathing. In the Highland Railway, the Duke holds £100,000 of stock: the line from Bonar Bridge to Golspie cost him £116,000; from Golspie to Helmsdale, £60,000; and his contribution to the Sutherland and Caithness Railway was £60,000: in all, £301,000. The Highland Railway system now extends to 410 miles.

If peat is ever to be converted into an article of commercial value, the vast deposits around Forsinard—one of the stations on the Sutherland and Caithness line—should count for much. Not only is the extent enormous, but the quality is good—for peat, it seems, differs almost as much as soil in its capacity for growth, and its usefulness as fuel. It grows like a sponge in some places, so loose, wet, and porous as to be almost worthless; at Forsinard, and generally on the confines of Caithness and Sutherland, it is of close, firm texture, very black in colour, and taking a long time to grow. Many expensive experiments have been made to utilise this abundant growth, but there has always been some hitch. Sir James Matheson made splendid paraffine candles from it, but it was no sooner at the paying-point than some invention was made by which the Lews candles were under-sold in the market; a large manufactory has sprung up at Arisaig, in the West Highlands, but its success has yet to be tried. The Duke of Sutherland has experimented upon peat in a hundred ways: he tried to work it up with sawdust and coal-tar into fuel for engines, mixed it with coal-dust, the debris of the collieries, and

compressed the compound into the shape of bricks. He took common peats from the moor, and, by an ingenious process, forced boiling pitch into every pore of the mould, so that it must burn. And so it did. All the experiments suited very well, they were quite successful; but they could not supersede materials in common use. His Grace is now engaged in one more experiment. Near Forsinard, in the heart of the peat-moss, he has constructed machinery for converting peat into carbon. The process is inexpensive, and is perfectly successful. The consistency of the carbon, its great value for manufacturing purposes, and for the production of gas, cannot be gainsaid, and it costs only about 15s. per ton; but, unfortunately, it costs £2, 10s. per ton to carry it to places where it would be useful.

The completion of the railway to Helmsdale, and the high price to which coal was rising shortly after that event, directed attention to a coal-field which was well known to exist in the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Brora. The seam crops out upon the sea-shore, and after a heavy north-easterly gale, the fisher-people used to gather basketsful of coal at low-tide for use at home. About seventy years ago, a shaft was sunk; the mineral was easily found, but the quality was inferior, and good coal was then cheap. For local consumption, it had to compete with that same peat of which we have been speaking, which was really valuable when labour was at a discount. After much expense had been incurred, the mine fell into the hands of an insolvent contractor, who fled from the country. It was abandoned; and operations for emptying the shaft of the accumulated rain-water of forty years were only begun late in 1872. The mine is now in working-order; it is by no means an extensive one, and the product is only twenty-five tons to thirty tons a day; but as many as fifty tons have been raised in a day; and the supply could be increased if the demand were greater. It is good serviceable fuel, and the quality is steadily improving, the further the mine is worked. Some bituminous shale has been discovered, and is now used at the gas-works at Thurso. From two hundred and fifty tons to three hundred tons of coal per month are consumed by the Duke at his various works throughout the county, and at Dunrobin, where it is in daily use. Tramways lead from the mouth of the pit to the Brora Railway Station, and to the harbour, which is capable of accommodating vessels of light draught.

At Brora, has been discovered a magnificent bank of brick-clay, and on the shore an endless supply of excellent fire-clay. Both these kinds of clay have been utilised. A very perfect brick-work is now in operation. All that is competent to the material is here turned out, apparently of the best quality and make, under the superintendence of skilled workmen from England. The shedding covers a fifth of an acre, and can protect a hundred thousand bricks; about seven thousand a day can be turned out easily; but tile-pipes, chimney-cans, roofing-tiles, wall-coping, &c., which are comparatively more in demand than the bricks themselves, take more time for production. The fire-clay manufacture is of importance in the Highlands, as there is no other work of the kind; and Brora manufactured goods have proved in analysis very nearly equal to those of Stourbridge. So many works are

in hand, so many new houses and cottages are in course of erection, that it has been thought worth while to start a steam carpentry establishment. A cargo of timber can be imported straight from Norway, which is nearer Brora than London. A few minutes suffice to run it to the saw-mill, and the appliances there are so perfect that it can be turned out in the form of doors and window-sashes all complete. The building is entirely of brick, the first of the kind ever erected in the county: it is 130 feet long by 30 feet wide, is brilliantly lighted, and well ventilated. Adjoining it is a similar building devoted to the repairing of machinery of all kinds, together with store-rooms, offices, &c. These are not yet in working order, but when completed, they will give employment to a great many people, and prove of much value in the industrial education of the Highlands. All these works are making the little village of Brora a place of considerable importance. The river, an excellent salmon stream, runs through the centre, but the banks are high on both sides, and very rocky. A little planting on the slopes above would vastly improve the appearance of the place; and with its fine sandy beach, Brora might easily be made an attractive place of residence.

The operations described above may be said to spring naturally one from the other; but the works which have attracted most attention in Sutherland, which were visited by a large number of the members of the Highland Society at the last show at Inverness, are the operations for reclaiming land in the neighbourhood of Lairg. There is probably no county in Scotland in which there is so much uncultivated land as in Sutherland. Except the border, on the sea-shore, of which we spoke above, hardly ten miles deep at any point, and a few isolated patches of land here and there, the whole county may be said to be given up to black-cattle, sheep, and deer, which is nearly equivalent to saying that it is in a state of nature. As this state of things is detrimental to the climate, the reclamation of land on an extensive scale becomes of first importance.

The spot selected for the principal experiment in bringing land into cultivation, lies beside Loch Shin, a few miles inland from the railway station at Lairg. It is a fine Highland district, with long low mountains and broad valleys, very little wooded, and not at all rocky. Loch Shin is a noble sheet of water, twenty miles long, and celebrated for its *Salmo ferox*. The day will probably come when a sufficient ladder will be made for salmon at the falls on the river Shin, in which case salmon-fishing would be added to the attractions of the district. A good road runs from Lairg to the west coast, passing a series of lakes, which are connected one with the other, until they find an outlet in the sea at Laxford. The land rises by a gentle slope from the shores of Loch Shin to a low ridge, then falls into a broad flat valley, stretching away to the foot of the distant mountains: the river Tirry flows through it to Loch Shin, and on every hand there are miles and miles of apparently good soil only waiting to be tilled. The severity of the climate has always hitherto been objected against reclamation, but after all, the level of Loch Shin is little more than two hundred feet above the sea. The Duke has already planted extensively, and has made arrangements for doing so on a large scale. The climate cannot be much worse than places immedi-

ately north and south of it, and the result of last year's work is encouraging. On the first farm, Collaboll, excellent crops of oats and turnips have been gathered this autumn, as good as can be found in the country, and the soil was not better than the greater part of what is now in course of reclamation. It is intended to take in about a thousand acres per annum, and the estimated cost, including drainage, farm-buildings, roads, &c., is about twenty-five pounds per acre. The second farm cleared is Auchan-arran (the field of bread), the old name for the place. It is intended to contain six fields of fifty acres each. Others in process of reclamation will consist of one of two hundred and fifty or three hundred acres, one of two hundred acres, one of one hundred and twenty-five acres, with fourteen hundred acres of pasture divided among them. There will also be fourteen farms of forty acres each, with six hundred acres of out-run in common. About two hundred acres are to be given to tenants for improvement. His Grace intends to make the farms quite complete before letting them, taking the first crop himself, and then letting them on an improving lease.

Twenty-five pounds spent in reclaiming a single acre of land! The outlay seems enormous; yet, to our knowledge, even larger sums are expended by proprietors in Scotland in reclaiming waste parts of their estate. Some years ago, a proprietor transformed a wild peat-moss into excellent arable land, at a cost of thirty pounds per acre, on which outlay there has been already a return of five per cent. per annum, besides a considerable melioration of climate. This shews what can be done to advantage where a spirit of enterprise is united with capital. From what is now so energetically going on through the outlay of a princely revenue in Sutherland, the climate of that part of Great Britain cannot fail to be prodigiously improved. For this alone, the Duke merits a grateful acknowledgment.

A word or two about the mode of working. Nearly everything is done by means of steam-engines, which can traverse the country in pairs to wherever they may be required, and which are so constructed that they are in a great measure independent of roads. They take up their place at a distance of about four hundred yards from one another, and are connected by means of steel ropes of immense strength, one attached to each engine, and wound upon a drum. If there should be a few trees in the way, a chain is thrown round them; one of the wires is attached, the engine winds up, and away go the trees, roots and all, in a twinkling. Is this process of felling timber likely to supersede the axe? Fir trees, larch, and spruce, send down no tap-root into the earth; and if a steam-engine furnished with steel-wire ropes can pull down one tree, it might uproot five hundred in a day. The plough used for cutting up the land at Lairg is attached to the wire-ropes of both engines—one uncoiled to the full, and the other wound up. The former begins to wind up, and drags the plough along, pulling out with it the wire coiled upon the second engine. At the other side of the field, the process is reversed, and so the plough is dragged back and fore from end to end, until the day's work is done. The plough is a most ingenious contrivance, perfected literally on the field, as the wants and necessities of the case revealed themselves. At first, no tackle could stand the sudden jerk caused by running tilt



against a boulder or a big root in the ground. To remedy this, side-wheels were put on, which lifted the plough over impediments, and men came behind with pick-axes to remove the difficulty. This was unsatisfactory, for much time was lost. It was the Duke himself who suggested a remedy—namely, the attachment of a trailing hook following the plough, and penetrating much deeper into the soil. This great hook grapples with stones that it would give immense trouble to hand-labour to loosen from the earth, and turn up on the surface. When even this cannot dispossess the obstruction, a cast of strong chain is thrown round it, and attached to the pulling-wire. It must then yield, whatever may be its weight, if the strain be such as the steel wire can bear. But the trail-hook does much more than pull out stones and roots in the work of reclamation; it thoroughly disturbs, without displacing, a considerable depth of subsoil, while the plough proper only turns over the good earth, and when the seed is sown, it finds loose soil below, from which to derive air and sustenance. Another important invention was made on the field, by, we believe, Mr Henry Wright, the Duke's private Secretary. All along, great difficulty had been experienced in steering the plough straight. Mr Wright suggested a revolving disc, by means of which it could be guided as one guides a bicycle, with two very clear advantages: the disc would cut through the turf like a knife in front of the coulter of the plough; and where an obstacle occurred which was too much for either the disc or the plough, it would rise up, and pass over it, helping the plough at the same time to do so likewise, and leave the difficulty to be dealt with by the trail-hook. When the field has been thoroughly ploughed from end to end, the engines are applied to the task of clearing it of stones. This is also done by means of the two coils of steel rope. Instead of the plough, a cradle is attached, capable of holding four or five tons of stones. When it is filled, one engine drags it to the end of the field, and with it the wire-rope of the other engine, which then begins to pull, and, tilting the cradle, drags it back to where a fresh load of stones has been accumulated. Many other ingenious contrivances have been applied here to the saving of labour. About two hundred and fifty men are employed, at wages of 2s. 6d. to 3s. 2d. a day; many skilled artisans receiving much more. At the coal-fields, most of the workmen are natives of the district, and obtain higher wages than have ever been paid in Sutherland.

It will be seen from these few notes how large a field of usefulness the Duke of Sutherland has opened for himself, and what great changes the county is undergoing. It is often a question, whether it is well for the nation that vast fortunes should be vested in the hands of individuals; but without enormous means, it would be impossible for the Duke of Sutherland to embark in works of improvement such as we have described, without embarrassing his estate, and possibly cutting off the means of usefulness of his successors. Whether they all yield a profitable return, is happily not a matter of serious concern to His Grace; but in the meantime, he has the satisfaction of creating new industries in Sutherland, familiarity with which must influence the fortunes of hundreds of his people. He increases the resources of the county in many ways, gives wholesome employment to

numerous workmen and their families, and all this by using the means placed by Providence in his hands for purposes which also serve to indulge his own hearty love of doing good. There is apparently good cause for repeating the words of an old traveller: 'May that family continue and prosper!' was the pious wish of Pennant, speaking of the Earls of Sutherland, when he narrated his famous Tour in the Highlands, just a hundred years ago.

## THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.—MARY'S RESOLUTION.

WHEN Miss Cairnes came down on the following morning, she found a letter from Mrs Westland among those which awaited her. She opened it without interest or misgiving, her mind entirely absorbed in the occurrences of the previous night; and she read, hardly understanding them at first, the following lines:

It is impossible for me to address you with any of the customary forms of politeness or affection. You have taken an unfair advantage of the position in which my unfortunate circumstances have placed me, to enable my son to violate, with your connivance, all the principles I have ever striven to inculcate in him. Your careful concealment from me of the extraordinary step you have taken in bringing into your house the daughter of a common station-master, and of a former dependent of your own, and treating her as an equal, proves that you knew it was one which society would condemn. I am not, however, surprised at that; you have accustomed me to see you despise the opinions of society, and you are never communicative towards me. But the fact which you concealed from me has reached me through the medium of my maid's correspondence with your maid; with the dreadful addition, that Cyril, having met this young person—who is probably as designing as she must be vulgar—at Bromley Park, and accompanied you and her to the Tors, is quite openly paying her attentions, which she is receiving in your presence, and with your encouragement. I never was so shocked in my life as by this intelligence. I should have written to Cyril by this post, and put his conduct before him in its true light, but that I had more consideration for you than you have had for me, and hesitated to point out to him how far, by ever permitting him to meet a person of this kind in your company, you have departed from propriety and self-respect. Conceive my feelings when I discovered that your servants actually think it likely 'there will soon be a wedding at the Tors,' and that 'Miss Cairnes had done finely for her young friend and Mr Cyril.' Of course, you are prepared by the foregoing for the request, indeed, I am entitled to say the demand, which I am about to make—that you will undo as far as possible the mischief which your violation of the decent and proper laws of society has done, by at once dismissing this young person. I have, unhappily, no power to control Cyril's movements, and cannot, therefore, snatch him from the danger; but I can, and do, require you to remove from him the temptation for which you are accountable. I am really too much agitated to write more at present; but I expect to hear from you that my just demand has been complied with; and I don't

think, however far you may carry your own eccentric views, you will extend them to encouraging my son in setting his mother at defiance, and in taking a step which those only who know the world—of which you have chosen to remain ignorant—can estimate the ruinous nature. C. WESTLAND.

Anne Cairnes was reading the last words of her aunt's astounding letter, when Mary came into the room, and advanced to her with her usual morning greeting and kiss. Mary noted the flush of anger on Anne's cheek as plainly as Anne saw Mary's pale face and dimmed eyes; but there was a servant in the room, and not a word was said, beyond the ordinary phrases which accompanied their several attempts at eating their breakfast, until they were alone. Then Anne took Mary to her morning-room, and bade her tell her what was grieving her. The letter she had read with such profound disgust had helped Anne's perceptions, and she waited for the girl's explanation with a heavy heart. Mary made a convulsive effort to speak; no words came.

Anne laid her hand on Mary's arm, and said very quietly: 'It is something about Cyril. Cyril loves you, and he told you so last night.'

'Oh, Miss Cairnes, how—how did you know it?' cried the girl, gliding suddenly from her seat, and kneeling beside Anne, with her face hidden in her hands.

Anne drew her close to her with one arm, and answered: 'Never mind that. Tell me, my child, what you told him. Tell me what you said to him, that sent him off, not like a happy lover, but wildly, like a man who has had a blow. Tell me what you said to Cyril, when he asked you if you loved him.'

'I told him—I told him that I did. But oh, Miss Cairnes—here Mary took her hands away from her face, and met Anne's gaze steadily—'I told him I had not known it until then, until a few minutes before he asked me the question. I told him I could never, never cease to love him—and that is true indeed. I hope you will not blame me too much for it, but I must love him all my life—though I shall never see him any more, perhaps.'

'What do you mean, Mary? Why should you never see him more?'

'Because it will be better for him; because he will leave off thinking of me, and fretting about me sooner, if there is no chance, no danger of our meeting ever again. But I did not tell him this; I kept this to tell to you, when I should be able, and could ask you to help me. I only said to him that I never could be his wife; and then he grew very angry with me, and said I had tempted and trifled with him, to make him wretched, and his life worthless to him. It was only a few minutes, but it seemed like years; and I don't know where I got the words, and the strength to say them.'

'I don't understand you,' said Anne, raising Mary from her knees. 'Sit here beside me; calm yourself, and let me know your meaning. Is it that Cyril has asked you to become his wife, and you, acknowledging that you love him, have refused him?'

'That is my meaning. I have refused him.'

'In Heaven's name, why?'

'For your sake, for that of my dead mother, and of my duty! Oh, Miss Cairnes, I am only a girl, and I know very little, but I do know

what I owe to you; I do know what Mr Westland is to you, and what his place in the world is. Miss Thorpe taught me how these things were, and how I must regard myself with respect to every one but you. To you, I could be what you chose to make me, but to every one else I am what I seem; only a poor girl, the child of humble parents, owing everything to your bounty; never by any possibility to be your equal. I knew it all, but I did not know how soon I might need to apply the knowledge; and there was no one, there was nothing to remind me of it here, but my own heart. But when he said those words to me last night, I knew the time had come, and that it was over. Not over, that I should still owe everything to you; but over, that I should not remember the truth about myself. And so, and so—here Mary's momentary calmness forsook her, and she wrung her hands wildly—'I said good-bye to him last night; and you must help me to make it good-bye in earnest.'

'And this is the girl his mother pronounces, without seeing her, to be doubtless as designing as she is vulgar—this thought came to Anne, amid a multitude of other thoughts, as she listened.)

'Then it was for his sake, and mine, that you refused Cyril? There was no motive for it, but your sense of duty to him and to me; no doubt about your own feelings? You are quite sure that you would like to be his wife, Mary, that you love him well enough to give all your life to him?'

'I am quite sure,' replied Mary, in a slow, low voice, 'that I love him well enough to do what I have done, for his sake, and yours. Please, don't say any more to me about that.'

She spoke with clearness and decision that might have become a woman twice her age. Anne wondered at the strength of character she had never before detected, because she had never looked for it. She had taken Mary's submission for general gentleness hitherto; here she was shewing all those qualities which are supposed to be peculiar to the 'thoroughbred,' by shallow thinkers, from whom we accept definitions that are frequently merely jargon.

'Very well, I won't. Now tell me, my dear, what it is you wish me to do. Suppose I accept all you have said, and what you have done; suppose I tell you, fully acknowledging my own want of foresight and of observation' (how keenly Anne felt, as she spoke, that she had been absorbed in her own feelings, while this drama of young love was being acted before her unheeding eyes), 'that no such probability as an attachment springing up between you and Cyril ever occurred to me, when I took you home; that, according to the judgment of the world, Cyril would be imprudent to marry you, and that you have behaved very well, fully done your duty by refusing him, and resolving to part with him—what do you wish me to do?'

'I wish you to send me away.'

'Only to avoid him, Mary? It is his place to avoid you; he is only to remain another week here, you know, at all events. I had better send him away, I think.'

'No,' replied Mary, with the same decision of tone; 'I don't mean this for a few days only. I mean that you must send me away, to lead my own life, the life my mother destined, and you have fitted me for. This is a false position, and I see

now that all your generous kindness cannot make it a true one. *He* must not find the remembrance of me between him and his home; and I must not live where everything and every person must be associated with him. 'Dearest and best of friends,' she pleaded, as if she were the woman of mature judgment, and Anne the girl, 'let us be in earnest. There is only one way of keeping myself from a useless, pining life: it is by going back to my own sphere, and to my appointed work. Let me go—let me go at once, without the delay of a day, and let him stay here, in his proper place. Send me to Miss Thorpe, until I can begin my destined life; and never let him know where I am. He is as angry as he is sorry even now; and if you will do what I ask you, he will be more angry still.'

'I wonder whether he has said anything to Sir David?' muttered Anne with unconscious irrelevance.

'If he has,' Mary answered her unintentional utterance, 'Sir David Mervyn will have told him that such a thing could never be. What would *he* think of a friend of his marrying beneath him? What would *he* think of me, if I could have so far forgotten myself as to believe for a moment that it could be?'

'Do you think so very highly of Sir David, Mary? Do you prize his good opinion very much?'

'Indeed, I do. I have no knowledge from which to draw comparisons, but Sir David seems to me to be the truest and noblest gentleman in the world.'

'Then you would be satisfied to act by his advice, if, as I feel sure is the case, he is acquainted with what has occurred. You would let me consult him, before we decide on anything?'

'Yes, I would,' answered Mary, but with evident surprise.

'My dear,' said Anne, 'you have observed that I have said nothing about my own view of the matter. And now I am going to tell you why: it is because I am much to blame for what has happened; it is because I have not been quite true to my trust. I ought to have seen, perhaps I ought to have foreseen this, but I did not either see or foresee it. Now that I know it, and that you have acted as you have done, you have cut me to the heart, my child, with the conviction that where I hoped to secure your happiness, I have perhaps brought a great misfortune on you—the misfortune of a hopeless love. I suppose life has no greater.'

'O yes; I think it has,' said Mary quickly: 'an unreturned love must be worse; I shall remember always that he loved me.'

Anne continued, speaking low, and with a very pale face: 'If I could give you to Cyril as his wife, I would do so, with all my heart, and the conviction that I had given him a precious and blessed gift.' Mary started, and reddened. 'But I am not the person to be consulted; and I am not blameless towards Cyril's mother. Take all the comfort which my assurance can give you, and do not make up your mind that you are never to be Cyril's wife.'

'It is impossible, it is impossible that you'—

'It is quite possible, and quite true. I think my cousin Cyril could make no happier marriage, and I have a right to an opinion, having known you two-thirds of your life. I don't say this can be, Mary; I don't tell you to feel confident; I only say don't despair; and remember this—if anything had

been wanting to my love and esteem for you, your conduct to-day would have supplied it.'

Mary listened to her in trembling bewilderment.

Anne continued: 'Now, will you be very reasonable, and very good? Will you leave me by myself, and go away—to occupy yourself, mind, not to mope? I expect to see Sir David to-day—if he knows about this, he will probably come here early—and I want to put my thoughts well in order before I consult him. Will you go this very minute, Mary, and without saying a word more?'

Mary rose; but before she could speak, a servant came into the room with a message for Anne. Sir David Mervyn was without, and wished to know whether Miss Cairnes could receive him. Anne answered in the affirmative, and said to Mary, as the footman left the room: 'Go through the drawing-room; you will not be seen. Stay one moment! Where is the picture you put in your trunk for me at Bromley?'

'In my room.'

'Put it in the drawing-room; I may want it.'

They spoke hurriedly. Mary passed through the folding-doors; and a moment later, Sir David Mervyn was shaking hands with Anne, whose first glance at him satisfied her that he knew what had occurred.

'Where is Cyril?' inquired Anne.

'Gone to Dumfries, at my special request. I promised to come here and speak to you, provided he would keep out of the way until I had done so. This is a serious matter; and I feel that I am rather to blame in it, for I saw what was coming, some days ago, and I ought to have spoken to you; but it never occurred to me that you did not notice it.'

'I did not, however; indeed, I did not.'

'What could you have been thinking about! Cyril was infatuated from the first.—I beg your pardon.' Anne's sudden intense blush could not be passed over unnoticed, 'I did not mean that as a reproach. Now, the question is, what is to be done? Cyril declares positively that nothing shall induce him to give Mary up; not her own refusal, repeated a hundredfold, because he knows she loves him, and has refused him only on grounds which he will not admit: her inferiority of birth and position. As for fortune, Cyril says there can be no question of that; he has nothing that you have not given him; she has nothing that you have not given her; they are perfectly equal in that respect. "We are both Anne's pensioners," was his way of putting it.'

'Absurd boy!' said Anne, trying to smile.

'Not so absurd either, for it's true enough. He is very desperately determined on making Mary change her mind; and—I don't think he entertains much apprehension about your behaviour in the matter—he actually sent me to see you in the first place, and to see Mary in the second.'

'You! Do I understand you? Do I interpret your tone rightly? Sir David, is it possible that you would approve of this?'

'That I would approve of Cyril's marrying such a girl as Mary, so beautiful, and so noble as her conduct—for he told me all—proves her to be—a girl whom you have thought worthy of a place in your home and heart! Of course, it is possible. If Cyril be happy enough to win her, I shall think him a very fortunate man. Has she not admitted that she loves him!' He rose, and



walked about the room, and spoke with earnestness which held Anne spell-bound. 'Is there anything in the world against her except a humble origin? Is she to be made wretched because of that, wretched as she must be, if parted from the man she loves; and is he to have his life perverted, embittered, perhaps ruined, out of deference to a chimera? I tell you, Anne,' he continued, 'I should despise Cyril if he could be influenced by such arguments as might be used against his marrying Mary, as much as I honour the girl for those *she* used to explain her refusal. You know what they were?'

Anne was almost confounded by his earnestness in pleading Cyril's cause. He was pleading it with a keen remembrance of his own love, and his own marriage 'beneath him.' She answered: 'The poor child told me. They are briefly—his mother and myself. As for me, *you* have judged me rightly. As for his mother, this will shew you what he has to fear, and expect from her.'

She handed him Mrs Westland's letter. He read it, and flung it down impatiently. 'Disgusting!' he said. 'Worse even than I should have expected from her. The pride, the worldliness, and the inhumanity of that old woman are intolerable; and here, ridiculous! But they offer a formidable obstacle, for, as she says, it would not do to encourage Cyril to set his mother at defiance.' Here he paused, and a short silence ensued. He crossed the room, and seated himself by the side of Anne's writing-table.

'Excuse the question,' he said; 'but has Mrs Westland any right to be so peremptory on this matter of birth? She is your mother's sister. Your mother had no nonsense of this kind about her?'

'My mother and my father were both of obscure birth, as you know,' replied Anne, 'and not in the least ashamed of it. My aunt is very proud of her husband's family; but I suppose her chief objection to Mary is her position, which she represents to herself as that of my paid companion, for she proposes to me to "dismiss" her.'

'That, and the fact, that her mother was a dependent of yours, and Mary herself brought up in your alms-houses. After all, we must not judge Mrs Westland too harshly; we must bear in mind that she does *not* know Mary, while she does know the circumstances of her birth and rearing.'

'Sir David,' said Anne, unlocking a drawer of the table on her right hand as she spoke, 'the circumstances of Mary's birth are not what they are supposed to be by herself, and by every one except me; for few people knew the truth at the time, and those who remain of that few, if any, have probably forgotten it.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean,' she answered, taking from the drawer a few sheets of paper, closely written over, and pinned together—the same memoranda she had read in the green arcade at Bromley Park, 'that I am about to confide a story to you, and to ask your advice. It may, or may not, have some connection with the story of the likeness I mentioned to you last night. If it have any such connection, you may possibly help me to trace it; if it have not, we shall be in no deeper darkness than before. May I confide the facts to you? Will you give me your advice?'

'Assuredly,' said Sir David: 'I will listen to the

facts, and give you the best advice I can. From whom did you hear the story?'

'From Mrs Allen. She told it to me, on the last night of her life. Her mind was quite calm; her memory was perfectly clear; and I wrote the details down, when she fell asleep, in the room with her, with every one of them fresh in my mind. She told me the story in the first person; I wrote it in the third; that, I am most positively certain, is the only difference between the two narratives. After a brief statement of the circumstances which have led to my writing them, I find my memoranda proceed thus:

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—ANNE'S MEMORANDA.

"In 1854, Mrs Allen and her husband were living in a small house close to the railway station at B—, near Manchester. James Allen was station-master at this place, where there was a good deal of responsible duty, on account of its being the junction with a branch-line on which there was considerable goods-traffic. James Allen was in feeble health, and much older than his wife; he was a man of excellent character. They had been ten years married, but had only one child, a girl, who was a year old when they came to live at B—. Mrs Allen was a quiet woman, who kept the house, and made few acquaintances. She was an unusually well-educated woman for her position in life, having been brought up in a gentleman's family, where her mother was housekeeper; and she was skilled in various kinds of needlework; which led to my after-acquaintance with her. In the early spring of 1854, the child died, after a few days' illness, and the shock turned the mother's brain for a while. She was for some time in a state of insane despondency, and she believes that some of her husband's friends tried to induce him to place her in a madhouse. He would not do this; but had her taken care of, during his own absence, by a person named Susan Miller, who, I have since ascertained, died seven years ago. Mrs Allen had been slowly improving during the autumn, and at the beginning of winter was well enough to be left alone. She formed the habit of going to the railway station two or three times a day, and generally was present at the arrival of the late train from London; after which her husband's daily duties were over, and he would return home with her. One night, in November 1854, an accident happened, at a short distance from the station."—It is a curious coincidence,' Anne said, interrupting her reading, 'that I had a distinct recollection of this occurrence, the moment Mrs Allen referred to it. I was reading the account of this very accident, from the *Times*, to your father, when your mother startled us by the attack of fainting, which was the beginning of that dreadful fever she had while you were in the Crimea. So that, though it had happened so long before, my memory was clear about the circumstances to which Mrs Allen referred.

"It was a serious accident; the sufferers were numerous, but it was especially remarkable as an instance of the wonderful preservation of an infant. In a compartment of a second-class carriage, which was almost knocked to pieces, three passengers were found dead. They had evidently been killed instantly. One was a man, afterwards recognised as a commercial traveller; the other two were

women. The position in which the dead bodies were found was a point of particular interest. They faced each other, on opposite sides of the compartment; and one, that of a middle-aged woman, was upright, with an infant, apparently about eighteen months old, clasped to her bosom. The child was dead. The other was that of a young woman, decently clad, evidently of the same class as the middle-aged woman who was at first supposed to be her travelling companion. Her dead body was found, the feet downwards towards the carriage-floor, but the upper portion stretched sideways along the seat; and lying under it was a living female infant, of apparently the same age as the dead baby on the other side. The living child was but slightly injured. She had evidently been undressed, and laid on the seat by the mother, while the other woman opposite took charge of the second baby, for she had on simply a little night-gown, and a white silk handkerchief round her neck; she was also wrapped in a warm woollen shawl, which was recognised as the property of the middle-aged woman who had been killed, when her husband identified the body, on the following morning. The name of the middle-aged woman was Susan Gale, and her husband, a respectable man, for whom my father had procured employment, stated, at the inquest, that she had gone up to London two days before, on business with which he was unacquainted; that she had travelled to and from London alone; that she had no child; that he had no knowledge whatever of the young woman who had been killed at the same time as his poor wife, and that he did not believe she had any knowledge of her either."

Again Anne interrupted her reading. 'You see,' she said, 'that I had more than one reason for remembering the circumstances of this railway accident. Susan Gale's husband was a protégé of my dear father's, and Susan herself well known to both Marion and me. You must remember her, Sir David; she was James Thompson's sister.'

'Of course I remember her perfectly: my father told me about her death, and how it complicated the distress of my mother's illness. But that was a sad time for me in many ways, and I forgot all about poor Susan. Go on, pray.'

"Mrs Allen was at the station at B— when the dead and the injured were carried in from the blocked-up line, and she rendered all the assistance she could to her husband and the other officials. In the confusion, they put the living infant into her arms, and her first care was to feed and warm it, and see to its hurts. They were very trifling; but one of them was a cut on the neck, which had stained the handkerchief with blood. She removed the handkerchief, and with it a piece of narrow ribbon on which a little silk bag hung over the baby's breast. She put the two objects, as she thought, into her pocket, and gave her whole attention to the child. There was a fire in the waiting-room, and she remained there all night, her husband having barely time to speak a few words to her; and a doctor having come in inspected the child, and directed her to stay there, and keep it until she should be sent for. In the morning, the child was taken from her, and handed over to a nurse from the workhouse; and her husband sent her home to rest, telling her she would be required to be present at the inquest. Fatigue, terror, excitement, and the dear old

familiar feeling of the baby in her arms, through the long hours of the night, had been too much for Mrs Allen, and when they came to fetch her, she was wholly unfit to appear. Her husband attended the inquest, and stated all he knew—that the child had been in his wife's charge all the night, and that she was 'driven off her head again,' by the occurrence; but that she had no knowledge of the mother, or of any passenger by the unlucky train. The result of the inquiry was as follows: The body of the commercial traveller was identified. The body of Susan Gale was identified. The body of the young woman, the mother of the two infants, one dead, the other living, of the same sex, and apparently the same age, therefore presumed to be twins, was not identified, and was buried, together with that of the child, after a proper delay. A minute description of the woman, the twin children, and their respective clothing, was circulated all through the United Kingdom, without any result. There was one other circumstance connected with the accident, which it is right to record. The inquiries made at the King's Cross Railway Station in London respecting the passengers by the train who had taken their tickets there, elicited these facts concerning the female occupants of the second-class 'through' carriage. No one had remarked their entry into the station; they might have come in separately, they might have come in together. But the guard had seen them on the platform side by side, each with an infant in her arms, had admitted them to the carriage at the same moment, and had heard them exchange a few sentences relative to their respective luggage. He could not say what those sentences were, but he could say that the older woman had with her a carpet-bag and a neat black box, for a porter brought them upon a truck, and put the bag into the carriage, at her request. The box he wheeled away to the luggage-van. The carpet-bag was found among the ruins of the railway carriage, and identified by Thomas Gale as the property of his wife; and it resulted from this recognition that the guard must have been mistaken about the black box. Gale stated that his wife had no such thing in her possession; she had no intention of making purchases in London, and no money beyond that necessary for her travelling expenses; the black box was therefore clearly the property of the woman who had been killed. On examination of the battered luggage-van, no box answering to the description was to be found, and it became evident that several robberies had been perpetrated during the confusion. All trace of the identity of the young mother was lost, and the survivor of the presumed twin-children remained in the workhouse nursery; after a certain number of advertisements had been inserted in the papers, to which no answer was received."

Again Anne interrupted her reading. 'I can remember,' she said, 'to have read some of these details at the time in a newspaper, during Lady Mervyn's illness. Marion and I looked out for them, on James Thompson's account.'

"Mrs Allen rallied, and finally recovered, but she never forgot the infant whom she had held in her arms throughout that winter-night; and her husband, to whom she constantly talked of the child, thought at first that she had an insane fancy that it was her own come back to her. But she was under no such delusion, as he recognised



quickly. One day, he proposed to her that they should adopt the child, then nearly, as they guessed, two years old. The idea enchanted her; she became a new creature under the influence of the hope. There was no difficulty with the work-house people; they were too glad to get rid of a burden, and James Allen's respectability was indisputable. The child was handed over to them, with the necessary precautions for her being traced, in case of a claim being made by her parents or relatives. No such claim has ever been made."

Anne again interrupted her reading, and said: "Mrs Allen lost her husband seven years ago. I had known her three years before, having been referred to her by some people in a shop in Manchester, on a question of Spanish embroidery, in which she was an adept, and I esteemed her highly. She brought up her adopted daughter admirably, and the child loved her dearly. I offered her one of my Homes, and I undertook the expense of Mary's education, perceiving her talents, and proposing thus to enable her to support herself by teaching."

"After James Allen's death, it happened one day that Mrs Allen gave an old gown of her own to the child, desiring her to unpick the skirt, that it might be dyed, to make a mourning-frock for Mary. When Mrs Allen came into the room to see how she was getting on, she found her looking at something like a rag covered with flue, which she said she had found at the bottom of the gown, between the stuff and the lining. Mrs Allen examined the soiled rag: it proved to be a small silk handkerchief, with faded blood-stains upon it; and there dropped from it a faded bag, a couple of inches square, attached to a piece of narrow ribbon. In a moment it flashed upon her—in a moment she understood it: she had pushed the handkerchief she took off the child's neck, on that awful night in the station at B—, not, as she thought, into her pocket, but into a hole in the lining of her gown; it had worked down to the bottom, and she had never remembered it again. She washed the handkerchief, and laid it by; she examined the bag, and laid it by; and the examination of both, combined with certain recollections which it suggested, led her to a conclusion different from that which had been reached on the inquest. She remembered that the night-dress which the living infant had on was of fine lawn; while the clothes of both the dead women and of the dead infant were, though decent, of the most ordinary description; she remembered that the young mother was of a swarthy complexion, with black hair, and that the dead child resembled her strikingly. The stained handkerchief was of fine India silk; the little bag was of white satin, with a tiny festoon of embroidery upon it, and it contained a thick chased gold ring, without any inscription: nothing to afford an indication of its owner. From that hour, Mrs Allen ceased to believe that Mary was the child of the young woman, and the sister of the infant who had been killed in the accident at B—; and persisted in believing that she was the child of persons of condition; a notion which Mary's natural grace and distinction, the mark of 'race,' as people call it, so strongly set upon her, confirmed. The obvious consideration, that those persons of condition, whose child had been confided to a nurse or other attendant during a journey, would have identified the woman and child, did not weigh with her. 'They may have

had their own reasons for keeping quiet,' was her answer to this: 'depend upon it, Mary is a gentleman's child.' This is the substance of the revelation which she made to me, a few hours before her death, and which I only am in possession of." Here Anne's memoranda ended.

'A very strange story!' said Sir David.

'You can see in it, I am sure, my motive for acting as I did,' said Anne. 'If Mrs Allen's interpretation was correct, then fate had been doubly hard on Mary. Now, the question arises on which I have asked for your advice, and you have promised to give it to me. You and I know that Mary is not Mrs Allen's child; are we to tell her so, and to allow Cyril to put it to his mother, that Mary may be his equal, or his superior in birth?'

'Or that she may be, in the saddest sense, "nobody," for *that* is the other side, the more probable side of the hypothesis? No; I think not. Your knowledge of these circumstances explains much to me; but until we can hit upon some way of clearing them up, they are useless; and it would be a great shock to Mary to tell her the truth, especially as she is suffering under one form of agitation already. No,' repeated Sir David, thoughtfully; 'this must all be an after-consideration: for the present, we must think only of what is to be done about Cyril.'

'Let me say one word more about this story,' said Anne, putting her hand again into the drawer, and taking out a small parcel, which she laid on the open blotting-book before her. 'The chances of finding out whose child Mary is are of the vaguest; but they are not utterly desperate, and such as they are, I have thought of them pretty steadily. I see two—dimly, but *there*. The first is the chance of tracing out the likeness which we have both perceived. If it be associated with the same person, of which I am tolerably certain—for you were acquainted with the person whom I mean—then the chance will take form. I struck the right chord of association last night only. The face which Mary's brings to my mind is the face of a Mrs Martin, the wife of that Captain Martin who was killed, you told me, at Inkermann, shortly after he had heard of her death. I saw Mrs Martin a few times at St Leonard's that year: she was a most lovely creature, with the most exquisite voice I ever heard; the first song I heard her sing was *Ben Bolt*, and Mary's singing of it last night supplied the link my memory had long been seeking. She had with her at St Leonard's an infant child, a little more than a year old. Mrs Martin was certainly not older than I was myself then; indeed, I think she was younger; and I was twenty in that year.'

Anne had spoken rapidly, earnestly, without remarking the blank expression of Sir David's face.

'There is some mistake,' he said. 'I have no notion whom you are talking of. I never saw Martin's wife. She was much older than he was, and a confirmed invalid; she died in Devonshire. I remember his telling me about it; she had not been out of the house for a year previously; and they never had any children. The lady you allude to must have been another person, and I suppose I made some blunder when you asked me about Martin.'

'It is very strange,' said Anne, looking much disappointed, 'for you said at the time there was no other Captain Martin in a line regiment, serving

in the Crimea; and the husband of the lady whom I knew at St Leonard's was there, beyond all doubt. It is equally certain that Mary, though handsomer, is remarkably like her.

'How can you trust your memory about a likeness at such a distance of time?'

'I will tell you presently. But let me ask you, first—as my hope that we may be thinking of the same person is vain—is *your* association with a likeness in Mary's face a distant or a near, a dead or a living one?'

He hesitated visibly, and had a struggle with himself. She saw it, and her heart beat fast with an inexplicable fear. She had forgotten herself, she had almost forgotten him, in the subject of their discussion; but she felt certain now that there was a *story* in the life of the man she had loved for five-and-twenty years, and that she was near to hearing it. He recovered himself, and said very calmly: 'My association with the likeness in Mary's face is a distant and a dead one. It is one which cannot possibly lead to a solution of this difficulty; for the dead woman whom Mary is like, has but one relative living, a child-less sister, in Australia.'

'The chances grow more vague and dim,' said Anne sadly, rising as she spoke. 'You asked me how I could trust my memory of Mrs Martin's face. I will shew you how, though the evidence has no direct interest for you, as I fancied it might have. I shall be back in a moment; meantime, look at this. It is the second of the chances.'

She took up the little parcel which lay on the blotting-book, and placed it in his hand, before she left the room, through the folding-doors; seeking by a brief absence to still the nervous thrill which shook her. Sir David Mervyn broke the seal of the little packet, and took out of the paper a tiny, faded, satin bag, which he shook above his extended palm. A gold ring dropped from it—a thick ring, of the old-fashioned pale-yellow colour, with a wreath of laurel leaves elegantly carved in dead gold, surrounding it.

When, a minute later, Anne Cairnes came into the room, holding Lucy's portrait, with the face turned towards him, between her hands, he looked up at her—the circlet still lying on his extended palm—stupidly, like a man half-blind, and said in a thick voice: 'This is my wife's ring!'

#### A VOYAGE WITH GOLD-DIGGERS. \*

A NUMBER of years after the discovery of gold in Australia, and when the finding of nuggets was becoming rather difficult, a cry was got up about the gold-fields of Tuapeka in New Zealand. Then took place a rush of miners from Victoria and New South Wales to this new scene of operations. The old diggings were almost completely deserted. Diggers in their big boots, flannel shirts, and many-shaped hats, crowded the streets of Melbourne. Ship after ship was put on the berth; the 'tween decks were fitted up with rows upon rows of bunks, six feet long by two feet wide; innumerable shipping-agents started into being; and the owners of marine stores had their warehouses nearly emptied. Diggers were packed on board as closely as figs or herrings; and after the last inch of room had been let, the good ship was despatched thirteen hundred miles across the sea. I was in Melbourne at the time, and am not likely to forget the scene that

was enacted day after day: such, indeed, was the excitement, that almost every free man became infected; and being myself free at the time, I resolved to take passage, and run over to the new Eldorado. The first-cabin fare from Melbourne to Dunedin, the capital of the province of Otago, New Zealand, was ten guineas; but the diggers, accustomed to 'roughing it,' did not dream of voyaging in style: they took passage in the steerage, and paid sums varying between £3, 15s. and five guineas. No fewer than two thousand left Melbourne in one week; and at various times, ships were despatched containing numbers from 250 to 832. The distance between Melbourne and Dunedin is 1360 miles, and the fastest run between the ports was made in four days and twenty hours by a steamer: sailing-vessels took between eight and twelve days. Not very much luggage had to be transported across the sea, for diggers carry all their worldly goods in what they call a 'swag'; that is to say, in a strong, coarse blanket, which they roll up and sling across their shoulders. Spades and the like implements are, of course, carried loose.

The time fixed for the departure of my ship was 2 P.M. on Saturday; and hours before that time the pier at Sandridge, the port of Melbourne, was crowded with diggers and their friends. At noon, they began to crush and squash on board, the process of progression up the narrow gangway ladder being by no means an easy one. The men pushed and shoved, shouted and growled, toes and heels being trodden upon at all stages; and some tried to climb up by the main-chains, but were sent back again, as tickets had to be shewn at the top of the ladder. Much time necessarily was occupied in the passage of 832 diggers up the ship's side—of course, under the eyes of the detective police. At length the last passenger mounted the ladder, and the last ticket was shewn. Then, when all friends had been ordered on shore, and after the emigration officers had satisfied themselves that food, ventilation, and sleeping-accommodation were good, the stout old ship, amidst loud cheers, moved slowly from the pier with passengers, officers and crew—in all, 910 souls.

Very soon after breakfast next morning, the 'bar' was opened, said bar being under cover at the top of the companion-ladder. At the bottom of the staircase stood the purser, surrounded by cases of wine, beer, and spirits; and at the top, for the sake of something to do, I posted myself, and acted as barman. During our eight days' run, I sold about three hundred pounds' worth of tobacco, spirits and beer, prices being little, if at all, above those current on shore: excellent cavendish or honeydew tobacco was 5s. 6d. per pound. A few of the ladies on board used to sit near the bar for amusement, and their presence had the happy effect of keeping some of the diggers in order.

All went on smoothly and well until the third day of the voyage, and then some of my strange fellow-travellers turned very restive. Happily, the good ship was a large one, 2035 tons register, 285 feet long, and 32 broad, so that noises made in one part of the vessel were not necessarily heard in every other part; but on the third day there was a disturbance, which in a very little while became general.

Slung up to the cross-trees of the mizzen-mast, in huge canvas bags, were several large pieces

of raw beef, purchased for consumption on the voyage, at a cost of £151. Unfortunately, in consequence of the great heat of the weather, some of this beef became bad, and diffused over the ship a most unsavoury odour. The scent was detected first by one digger, then by another, and gradually an idea went abroad, that the purser was going to serve out putrid meat, and that a pestilence would naturally follow. About half-a-dozen diggers at once constituted themselves a deputation, and came aft to remonstrate.

The badness of the meat had already been discovered by the captain, and he had ordered the butcher to cut away every atom that was tainted, and pitch it into the sea. This order was at once carried out, and what was good was returned to its sailcloth, and hoisted again to the cross-trees. These facts were told to the deputation, and they retired, to all appearance satisfied. In the evening, however, they came aft again to say that the ill savour still offended their noses, and to request the chief officer to pitch the rest of the meat into the sea. He refused, saying that what they smelt was the trail of the bad portions already cut away, not the meat hanging in the canvas, and that the best thing they could do was to go forward and think no more of the matter. They declined to follow this advice, and presently had the satisfaction of hearing the captain order the mass to be again lowered, that the butcher might cut away every scrap which was unlikely to remain good for the next twenty-four hours. Even this, however, did not finally satisfy the men; and while the butcher was busy cutting and carving, they demanded that every bit, without distinction, should be pitched into the sea. The captain, not understanding dictation on the deck of his ship, left the deputation without an audience by quietly walking away; but the deputation was not to be done, and the spokesman thereupon went up to the chief officer, and told him, that if he did not hurl the whole mass overboard, he would be hurled overboard himself.

The situation was now more interesting than pleasant, for the man spoke in a defiant, determined tone; and had he and his mates carried out their threat, or made an attempt, there might at once have ensued a very serious disturbance. The chief officer treated the situation very coolly, and pretended not to hear what was addressed to him; but presently seizing a huge quarter of beef which the butcher condemned, called out: 'Now, mates, lend us a hand, and let's bury him decently.' So the spokesman and those thus appealed to lent a hand, dragged the ponderous mass to the vessel's side, and heaved it overboard. So far so good. Some men, however, still continued to grumble; but the chief officer, finding himself master of the situation, shortly silenced them, and satisfactorily brought to a close the beef difficulty. It was very soon followed by another, one that arose out of defective cooking arrangements. Flour, according to stipulation, was offered to the diggers; but none was actually served out, because there happened to be no small bags on board. By way of compensation, a double allowance of meat and potatoes was distributed—an arrangement perfectly satisfactory to a majority of the men. Unluckily, however, amongst the minority were some hard-to-please and discontented souls, who grumbled much and loudly. No

grumblers, however, could deny that the method of cooking the potatoes was a particularly ingenious one. It was accomplished in this way: The contents of a large bag used to be shot into a huge butt or hogshhead placed in the middle of the deck, and into the bottom of this butt was fixed a pipe, covered by a perforated lid, and connected with a donkey-engine; steam being then turned on through the pipe, the potatoes were very soon cooked. The noise the diggers made when the purser drew near to the butt for the purpose of serving out the contents, was terrific. They struggled and pushed as they had struggled and pushed, when coming on board, up the ship's ladder; and further, to confound the confusion, sacks, pieces of sailcloth, hoops of barrels, and other loose articles, used to be flung in all directions, some of them alighting on the purser's head, and smothering or bonneting him. Then came the moment for removing the lid, and when it was off, up shot a great volume of steam, enveloping everybody round the butt, and adding considerably to the confusion. More struggling, hustling, and bustling followed; some were getting a treble allowance of potatoes, some half an allowance, some not as much as a mouthful, while dozens of potatoes were upset upon deck, and trodden under foot. The quiet orderly men came off badly, and the disorderly not unfrequently enjoyed very much more than their share. Of course, all this seems to point to very defective discipline, and to suggest that the purser and his subordinates were not up to their work; but the fault really lay with the diggers. They had been divided into messes, and the president only of each mess had been instructed to come up, but a general rush was made, and hence the noise and confusion.

When we had been about six days at sea, a new sensation was started in the shape of auctions; and articles of all sorts, guns, rings, knives, boots, books, pistols, &c. were offered for sale. Nearly every man had something to sell; but one man, remarkable for his quiet demeanour and orderliness, told me he had nothing in the world either in money or kind: his pocket had been picked the day before he came on board, and he would land in New Zealand without a sixpence. Some other diggers were not much better off, but they were far from low-spirited, as all had such infinite faith in their luck. Only let them reach the Tuaepeka Fields, and they would envy nobody.

We had now come within sight of land, Otago Heads being visible on our port hand, and everybody began to look forward to the pleasure of landing. We were only about twenty-two miles from our destination; but the wind being light, our progress was slow, and we had to remain for some hours outside the Heads. Nobody was idle, however, for the diggers at once got up a fresh disturbance. Their tickets would only take them to Port Chalmers, and they insisted that they should be conveyed free of cost to Dunedin. In the midst of this disorder, the vessel could not get over the bar, and two small steamers were signalled for. In about an hour they made their appearance, and again there was noise and confusion. It was obvious that *all* the diggers could not possibly find room in two such little crafts, so there was a general rush for the gangway, everybody trying to make sure of getting off at once. About five hundred and sixty men did get off, and right glad were we to see



them take their departure amidst almost deafening cheers, but so overloaded were the steamers, that not a few left on the ship congratulated themselves on being kept on board till morning. Word had been brought by the steamers that the fare from the ship to the port was half-a-crown each passenger—a sum the captain agreed to pay—and that a further sum of half-a-crown would be demanded for conveying each person from Port Chalmers to Dunedin. At hearing this second piece of information, the diggers became restive again, and, saying they had been cheated, told the captain he ought also to pay the second half-crown for them. He declined, but in order to quiet the men, told them he would speak to the agents in the morning. His promise had the desired effect, and peace was restored.

While the pilot's boat was waiting, one or two men in it occupied themselves with fishing, and never before had I seen fish so rapidly pulled out of the water. The rod was simply a stick like the handle of a broom, the line a piece of string, and the bait a bit of red rag or bunting: yet, with these very commonplace materials, twelve fish, known in these parts as barracoutas, were caught in twenty minutes. We had some for breakfast next morning, but pronounced the taste not at all agreeable.

At about nine o'clock, one of the steamers returned for the rest of the passengers, and in due course all were transferred on board. The diggers made another effort to induce the captain to pay the second half-crown, but without success; however, he said he would follow the steamer in his own boat, and 'speak to the agents.' His boat, manned by four sailors, was accordingly lowered; at his invitation, I got into it, and, when it had been fastened by a rope to the steamer's stern, off we went in tow.

Some of the diggers, in consequence of not seeing the captain on board the steamer, fancied he did not really mean to speak to the agents, and the idea that his head ought to be punched was revived: when, however, they saw him following in his boat, their hopes revived, but it was very evident they thought it necessary to keep an eye on him.

As, in course of time, we drew near to the port, the attention of the diggers was wholly directed to the huts, houses, and landing-stages, to be made out ahead, and to the new scenes which started into view on all sides. The captain was apparently forgotten, for I did not notice any men direct their eyes to his boat. When the steamer came within about half a mile of Port Chalmers pier, it took a sweep round to the left, and made straight for Dunedin, ten miles further on, the diggers' destination; and just as it made this sweep, a sailor in our little boat let go the rope connecting us with the steamer, and in a second we dropped some distance astern. On went the steamer at full speed, and it was not until she had gone quite three hundred yards that the captain's boat was missed. Then I saw a number of diggers crowd aft, and demonstrate their evil intentions, of which we took no account. Directly we parted company, the sailors got their oars out, and pulled us comfortably to Port Chalmers, and in a little while we were in the hotel enjoying a good basin of soup. Later in the day, we went up to Dunedin, and the captain duly spoke to the agents; but it is needless to say he extracted no half-crowns from them. We met a

few reasonable men, who congratulated the captain on the sharp way in which he had given the steamer the slip; and nothing more was seen of the rest of my 832 strange companions, for they had all made tracks for the diggings. I fear, some of them met with little luck: at all events, thirty-five came back in the ship on her return voyage to Melbourne.

#### FALL OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

In England and in America, for some time past, men have talked and written, to an extraordinary extent, about the force of character of the Anglo-Saxon; and to that force of character it has been the fashion to attribute memorable successes in arts, in arms, in commerce, in production, in colonisation. But at length the avenger has arisen; he calls upon the Anglo-Saxon to lay aside his borrowed plumage, and bow his diminished head, certainly before the Norman, and, probably, before the Dane. This avenger is the anonymous author of a work entitled *The Norman People and their existing Descendants in the British Dominions and the United States of America*; and the work is a daring and a startling attempt to make us reconsider, if not completely throw over, the generally received ideas concerning the preponderating influence of the Anglo-Saxon. That the anonymous author, whose 'dedication,' inscribed 'to the Memory of Percy Viscount Strangford,' is a sort of proof that he 'knows what is what,' will meet with some rough handling from historical and other critics, is more than likely; but it must be borne in mind that no criticism will be attempted here; nothing more than an exposition of his views, and the method whereby he arrived at them.

Most of us have, no doubt, been in the habit of holding with Gibbon, that 'the adventurous Normans who had raised so many trophies in France, England, and Ireland, in Apulia, Sicily, and the East, were lost in victory or servitude among the vanquished nations;' and with Freeman, that 'in Old England the Norman race has sunk beneath the influence of a race less brilliant, but more enduring than his own.' We are now called upon to revise our creed, and to learn that 'as far as it appears, the Normans have at least as much preponderance in the peerage at the present moment as they had in the time of William the Conqueror and in the following century;' that, 'contrary to what we might have supposed, it is rather in the peerages of modern creation than in those of ancient standing that we find the lineal male descendants of the early baronage;' and that 'the same Norman nobility which surrounded the throne of the Conqueror, continues, in its remotest posterity, to occupy the same place in the reign of the Conqueror's latest descendant, our present sovereign—continues to occupy its baronial place in parliament—continues to preside on the judicial bench—continues to lead our armies and navies in battle, and continues generally to control and to direct the affairs of the English empire.' And not only so, but the very 'mechanists and inventors,' if our anonymous author's inquiries may be trusted, have, in the great majority of instances, been of Norman origin; 'the ancestry of the intellectual aristocracy of England' will be found to have been 'generally Norman,' with the vaunted

Anglo-Saxon and the Dane 'in a hopeless minority,' and 'considerably outnumbered by the Celt;' and, to cap all, it appears that 'even now, agricultural labourers and coal-miners cannot combine for objects which demand the exercise of practical ability without finding themselves led by those who, though in humble stations, bear names of undoubted Norman origin.' One of the persons thus alluded to is unquestionably the celebrated Mr Joseph Arch, whose descent is traced back, in what his enemies may be inclined to denounce as a somewhat arbitrary and dogmatic manner, to the 'De Arches or De Arques, Viscounts of Arques and Rouen.' No special mention is made of the name of Odger, but a hint may be here thrown out, for what it is worth, to the effect that the name of Oggier occurs very early in French history, though it would be rash to assert, without further investigation and verification, that the said Oggier was of Norman extraction.

To sum up briefly our anonymous author's views: he maintains that 'the Norman race in England now amounts to at least a quarter of the English population, and probably to a third or more;' and that, so far is the Anglo-Saxon element of our composite English nation from having performed the part of Aaron's rod amongst the other rods, and swallowed up, to a considerable extent, the other elements, that, in all probability, 'the mass of the Saxon population remains amongst the less influential and wealthy part of the community, because there is reason to suppose that the superior energy and enterprise of the Danish and Norman character have in general determined the relative position of races in England.'

What, then, was the method whereby he arrived at these views? To begin at the very first step: he listened to a wish expressed some years ago by a relative 'that some of his leisure hours might be given to investigations on the origin of families in which they were mutually interested by descent.' This difficult and laborious task 'continued at intervals for years,' and when it was ended, 'the results were—the complete establishment of the fact, that certain families, supposed to be English, were originally Norman; the recovery of their original Norman names after a disuse of six centuries; and with those names the recovery of their early history, both in Normandy and England, and the overset of sundry received heraldic pedigrees.' He then resolved to apply the process which had been, as he considers, so successful in what was personally interesting to himself, to that which would be important and interesting to the whole world. He sifted not only the peerage, but 'numbers of the older families amongst the baronets, many of the older families of landed gentry, and many other families which were no longer in possession of their ancient patrimonies;' and he came to the conclusion, that 'the Normans were in a great majority, the Anglo-Saxons and Danes in an insignificant minority.' But he proceeded further. He found reason to believe, as he prosecuted his researches (let not a smile curl the lip, if it be said chiefly 'in the Post-office Directory of London'), that there is an error in the 'current notion' which prevails 'that the people of England after the Conquest were Anglo-Saxon, while the aristocracy was Norman.' A light flashed upon him: the names he had examined for special purposes in his special lists were 'greatly out-

numbered by Norman names entirely new;' and the test of dates shewed that this phenomenon could not be accounted for by 'the emigration of the Huguenots in the reign of Elizabeth, or at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or at the period of the French Revolution,' but was as old as 'the English records of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries;' and he 'opened his eyes to the fact . . . that the Normans . . . had consisted not only of an aristocracy, but of a people: they had come as a nation to England.' He was assisted to that conclusion by the following consideration: 'If we are entitled to infer that the London Directory is not more Norman in character than the Directory of all England would be, but that the same proportion prevails throughout the kingdom, we are to infer further that about 22,500 surnames in England are at this moment Norman.' It remains to be added, that he was 'enabled to refer to the Great Rolls of the Norman Exchequer in print, as edited by Mr Stapleton for the Society of Antiquaries about thirty years since,' and to bring that valuable authority 'into juxtaposition with the English records of the twelfth century;' by which means he considerably fortified his position. Such is an outline of the method whereby he has endeavoured to attain his object of proving, by an application of genealogy to ethnology, 'the fallacy of some generally received maxims as to the composition of the English nation;' and it is scarcely necessary to remark that, if he have attained his object, he will not only have put the Anglo-Saxon to a perpetual shame, but have also reduced historians, ethnologists, and other scientific and unscientific persons, to the necessity of revising their doctrines and their creed.

Let us conclude with two specimens of the ingenious manner in which, bearing in mind that 'in numerous instances families have preserved their armorial under all the changes which their names have undergone in the course of ages,' our anonymous author has wrought out, to his own complete satisfaction, an identification of names and families.

'The name "Fidler," we are told, "presented itself for examination." An ordinary mind would at once conclude that "this name was merely that of an humble occupation;" and, if the antiquity of the family were in question, would probably be content to trace it back to the days of the fabulous King Cole. But our anonymous author, "on examination, was of opinion that the name "Fidler" was merely a form of the name "Fidelow," produced by one of the ordinary laws of corruption. On referring to Robson, it was found that the arms of "Fidelow" were three wolves' heads. Afterwards it was ascertained that "Videlow" bore the same arms. It next appeared that "Visdelow" bore the same three wolves' heads; and thus it was at length ascertained that Fidler, Fidelow, Videlow, and Vis-de-low were one and the same name, the earlier form of which was De Visdelu, or Vis-de-loup, probably from a place so named in Normandy, and to which the wolves' heads of the arms bore allusion.' Criticism has been altogether disclaimed here; but it is impossible to avoid observing that the author's argument commences with a bare opinion.

The name of 'Toler' caused our anonymous author much trouble. He 'formed several theories,

all of which he was eventually obliged to relinquish. At length no clue remained except the arms. Those arms consisted of a cross fleury, surmounted by another cross, between four leaves erect. These arms were at first presumed to be of no great antiquity, as in their actual shape they do not present the simplicity which is characteristic of the ancient armorial. It appeared, however, on further inquiry, that the leaves had not originally been included in the arms, for families of "Tollers" and "Towlers" were ascertained to have borne the same arms without any leaves, so that it was clear that the leaves were merely the emblem of a particular branch of the family. The inquiry was continued with the aid of this armorial, and the family was traced in different parts of England, in former ages, under a name continually varying in form—sometimes Towlers, then Tolers, then Towlowes, Towlons, Tolouse, until at length it appeared clearly that the latter form, which was coeval with the Conquest, was the original. This pointed to Toulouse in France as the place from which the family had originally come; and . . . the volume was accordingly opened which contains the history of the Counts of Toulouse, when, to his extreme astonishment, the author recognised the arms of the English Tolers and Towlers at the head of the history of that great house!

It is not without a feeling of awe that one can think of the time and pains which our anonymous author must have bestowed upon his work, or without a feeling of respect that one can regard the earnestness of purpose with which he was evidently inspired; the 'alphabetical series' of names is of itself sufficient to cause a gape of astonishment, and a hope that so much labour may not have been thrown away.

#### A LIVING STATUE.

IN the height of the Exhibition season of 1862, there was a great deal of unpleasantness, mystery, and suspicion generated in the Industrial Palace, by a constant succession of petty robberies, which took place nearly every night at the best stalls. Articles of value were stolen from drawers and boxes; money left by stall-keepers often went, unless very securely stowed away; but the depredators did not venture on taking any bulky articles, or on breaking open any receptacle which would require great force. They knew their risks, that was evident; and that the thefts were committed by some person or persons connected with the Exhibition, was also beyond a doubt. Watches had been set, traps had been laid over and over again, but all in vain. When too much had been done in the way of planting watchmen, no robberies took place at all; and when articles had been purposely left, apparently forgotten, but in reality fixed by the minutest wires to bells which sounded at the slightest touch, they were left untouched. The thief, if only one, always stole, too, from places in the shade, so that he could command a view of the more open spaces, while he himself was unseen.

One morning, as the sergeant of police was going his early round before the building was opened for the day, he came upon an exhibitor and his staff of assistants, who were grouped round a box which was open before them, and at which they were looking with apparent interest.

'Good-morning, Mr Baselton,' said the officer; 'a very fine day we are likely to have.'

'Fine day, sir! And a very fine night we have had too, I suppose,' retorted the exhibitor, in a tone far less pleasant than that in which he had been addressed. 'Here's a pretty affair! Seven pounds worth of Scotch pebbles set in silver—brooches, earrings, and so forth—the whole of them clean gone.'

The sergeant, with expressions of regret, said he would see the officer who had been on duty. Mr Baselton professed to have lost all confidence in the police, and asserted that if he were to watch, the thief would certainly be discovered the very first night.

'I wish you would try, then,' said the sergeant: 'I would obtain permission to watch with you; and if you can suggest anything fresh, I will gladly support you.'

Although, when he made this last assertion, Mr Baselton probably meant nothing at all, yet, after a little talk with the officer, the desire of finding the thief, and his belief in his own superior acuteness, were strong enough to make him volunteer to watch; and it was agreed that the sergeant should join him just as the palace was closing at night, when they would be on the look-out directly, for it was impossible to say at what time of the night the robberies were committed.

Strict silence was enjoined on either side, and observed by the sergeant entirely, and by Mr Baselton pretty well, as he only mentioned his plan to Mr Chatenoux at the French stall just by, and to his neighbours, Mr Hynks and Mr Carrables. Mr Carrables, by the way, was not there that morning; so Baselton told Mr Glisser, Mr Carrables' foreman, instead, who, in a becomingly sympathising tone, wished him success.

The evening came, the spies met, and hung about the passages of the vast building until deepest twilight, and until Baselton was pretty nearly tired of being on his feet.

'Now,' said the sergeant, unconsciously dropping his voice as he spoke, 'we will take up our quarters. If we can only get there unperceived, I have arranged what I think you will find a pretty good corner.'

'All right,' returned the exhibitor, in the same guarded tone; and they stole noiselessly on, passing, once or twice, a constable; but the presence of the sergeant of course prevented any questioning. Some large boxes left, apparently by accident, at the angle of a stall, were in reality so placed that they formed an almost perfect screen; and, without any reason to suppose that they had been noticed, they slipped in, and sat down.

Presently the moon rose; and as it climbed higher, and its light grew stronger, the building became visible throughout with a light which was most unearthly and ghostly in its character. This impressed itself very much upon Baselton.

'I had no idea, sergeant,' he whispered to the officer, 'that the place was such a strange, cemeteryish sort of spot as it is. I must own, I should not like to be on duty here all night. However, I have brought some little refreshments with me, so let us make ourselves comfortable. In silence, they ate and drank; and in silence, save for the chiming of the clock, or the occasional tread of a policeman, the hours crept on. The policemen passed within a



couple of yards of the watchers repeatedly, but whether they knew of their presence or not, Baselton could not judge. The length and weariness of the hours grew at last intolerable to him, and, seeing that the sergeant was as cool and wide-awake as when they first entered their lair, he whispered: 'I feel terribly drowsy, sergeant; I always do about this time. Five minutes' nap will make me as fresh as a daisy. Rouse me up, if you hear anything before that time.'

His companion smiled, and, in the same subdued tone, gave the promise.

Nothing did happen requiring Mr Baselton's presence either before or after the expiration of five minutes, although the officer stealthily looked out a hundred times during the night. At last, the darkness thinned away, and then, after a short gray twilight, dawn came; and the sergeant shook Baselton by the shoulder.

'Yes, yes; I'm ready,' stammered the exhibitor, then opened his eyes very wide indeed. 'Why, it's daylight! I must have slept!'

'Yes, of course you have,' interrupted the other; 'but let us get out quietly. I don't mind our men seeing us, of course; but others need know nothing of our watch.'

'I think the less your men or anybody else know about the way we kept our watch, the better,' said Mr Baselton, as they left the counter; 'in fact, I shall regard it as a friendly thing if you say nothing about it.'

The sergeant smiled, but kept his own counsel; and it may be hinted that Baselton was a very liberal fellow, although somewhat hasty. It turned out that no pilfering had taken place that night; nor did any occur for two or three nights after, a fact which Mr Glisser attributed to the influence of Mr Baselton's vigilance. He took great interest in the exhibitor's plans, and paid him several compliments, which the latter received with but indifferent grace, having reasons, that the other knew not of, for thinking but modestly of this same vigilance.

One morning, a little while after the fruitless watch, Mr Baselton was in a very bad temper, for he had sustained a fresh loss. He was leaning against a pillar, some short distance from his counter, thoughtfully biting the end of his pencil-case, when a man spoke to him. He looked round at the sound, and saw a police-constable, whom he very much disliked for his apathy and unbusiness-like ways, standing close by him. He growled out some hardly civil words, and turned from the man, but the latter was not to be daunted.

'I am afraid you have had a loss, sir,' said the man, 'and hope it is not very serious; but at any rate I should like a word or two with you.'

'What for?' retorted Baselton. 'I have lost a gold watch, and as I have not breathed a syllable about it to a soul, I don't see how you could know anything of it, unless some of your lively "force" have.'

'You are too severe, Mr Baselton,' said the other, finding he stopped; 'you are indeed, sir. Now, sir, I have my opinion about these robberies, and I think I have found out the order the thief works in, and can pretty well guess in what quarter he will next try. I believe I can catch him.'

'You!' exclaimed Baselton, with an emphasis which was anything but complimentary to the officer.

'Yes, sir,' replied the man firmly; 'I can. You have a good deal of influence with the authorities, and if you will ask, I shall be taken off regular duty, and detailed for special service; and I can then catch him.'

'Well, tell me your plans,' said Baselton; 'and, in return, I will tell you this: you know there are fifty pounds offered on the quiet for the apprehension of the thief. Find him, and I will make it a hundred.'

The constable smiled, and, lowering his voice, spoke to the exhibitor in whispers. When he had finished, Baselton slapped his hand on the counter with a force that jarred every article around, and exclaimed: 'You are right. Are you on duty?'

'No, sir,' said the man.

'Then, you shall be.'

The application for the constable's change of duty was doubtless made, for he disappeared from his accustomed patrol.

During the next day or two, Baselton became loquacious on the subject, and in conversation with Mr Glisser, who took a very kindly interest in the matter, owned that he had changed his opinion about the manner of the robberies. He was convinced, he said, that if the thief came by night, he would have been caught long before, but that everybody was on the wrong scent, and that the thefts were really committed in the bustle of closing for the evening, and then, not being found out till the morning, it was naturally supposed that the thief came in the night. Mr Glisser was very much struck by this view, which he commended highly, and urged increased vigilance about the time spoken of.

While this was going on, there had been no fresh depredations from the counters, and Constable Lowcliffe had been absent from duty, although no one seemed to have noticed it. When the visitors departed at the close of day, all the interior of the building became depressing enough, as the light faded away, and there were no places more spectral in their aspect than those where clustered most closely the white statues, which were plentifully sprinkled about. Nymphs, Venuses, Bacchuses and Apollos, Grecian hunters, scriptural and mythological figures, all looked equally ghostly in their dim white, when the twilight or night had fallen upon them. So, in the gray of the evening, all the statuary looked mystic and unearthly enough, as the stony figures looked down from their pedestals; but none looked more sepulchral than did a tall sheeted figure which occupied a pedestal slightly screened—come from which direction the visitor might—by two or three large groups. This figure might have been taken in the distance, and in the dim light, for a Jewish priest, or a Druid, or anything of the kind; but had any one come near enough to inspect, it would have been seen that the long robe was of linen, not stone, and that the face was less that of an ancient hero than a modern one. And what was rather strange, this particular pedestal was empty all day, and only occupied at night.

Standing at this particular spot, any one could see in every direction for a considerable distance, and there was scarcely any hiding-place near; the Druid on his pedestal had no doubt reckoned on these facts having great weight with the marauder. Several nights had gone by, and no discovery made, yet Ned Lowcliffe crept silently to his

selected station, and assuming his disguise as the shrouded statue, patiently watched all through the darkness; so patiently, that no one not close enough to touch him could have imagined that he differed from the effigies around.

It was yet comparatively early in his watch, on a certain night, and a young moon threw just sufficient light here and there to make everything more uncertain than usual, when Lowcliffe, finding himself a little cramped from standing so long in one position, prepared to make one of the guarded shifts he was forced to indulge in during the evening; but just as he commenced carefully to draw one leg behind the other, he stopped, rolled his eyes eagerly round, and then remained so motionless, he scarcely breathed. With step almost noiseless—but not quite so for such a listener's ears—a man glided round the angle of a counter close by, and standing close by Lowcliffe, paused, stooped, looked along the floor in every direction, then sat upon an adjacent pedestal, and leaning against the legs of a Hercules, listened. If the process of perspiration were not wholly a silent one, Lowcliffe would have been betrayed, for the cold beads came upon his forehead, as he saw how near he was to a discovery. The man was sitting on the very next pedestal, a block which almost touched his own. There he waited quietly for a while, not very long, but long enough to assure himself that no patrol was coming that way; then he rose, and in a few steps was at the nearest counter, and had tried a key in the lock; one or two attempts failed, but at last a door opened, and his head and shoulders were lost to sight; he reappeared with a small box, which he placed on the ground before him, and then tried one or two keys. Again the lock yielded, the lid was thrown back, and a few articles were rapidly transferred to the man's pocket.

Some object, however, seemed unknown to him, and he held it up against the dim light, endeavouring to make out what it was. To his horror, one of the statues sprang from its pedestal towards him. It was instantaneous, but the flash was enough; the figure all in white moved, and leapt upon him; then, with a fearful yell, which rang from end to end of the building, the thief fell in a fit upon the floor. Alarmed by the scream, two or three officers were speedily at the spot, and turning on their lanterns, were nearly as much astonished in their turn to see a white-sheeted figure standing by the side of a man in convulsions.

When their momentary surprise had ceased upon their discovering who the sheeted figure was, they proceeded to unfasten the prostrate man's scarf and collar, sprinkled him with water, and lifted him from the ground; his struggles ceased, and a few long breaths announced that he was 'coming to.'

'I don't know him,' said one of the constables.

'I do, though!' exclaimed Lowcliffe. 'Well! of all the parties as I could have supposed, I never could have supposed *him*. Why, it's that blessed Glisser—from the stall next to old Baselton; a fellow that looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.'

'Where am I?—who are you?' said the miserable culprit.

'Oh, we're particular friends of yours,' returned the officer.

'But I saw—I saw one of those things move,' said the man, looking timidly round with a dreadful shudder. Lowcliffe had stripped off his white raiment by this time, and so did not shock the wretched Glisser's eyes.

'We will tell you all about that in the morning,' said the constable. 'What you have got to do is to come along with us.'

It was so—he had to 'come along;' and directly the exhibitors and their staff mustered in the building, the intelligence flew like wild-fire that Mr Glisser was in custody for breaking into the stalls at nights.

It was a shock to a large circle of his acquaintances and admirers, who could hardly believe it; and when, on his lodgings being searched, the bulk of all the articles missing from the counters was found, the thing seemed more incredible still. Mr Baselton was especially astounded, because he had made quite a confidant of the young man, and had the mortification of remembering how he himself had revealed to Mr Glisser the various plans for detecting the thief; and that, if it had not been for Lowcliffe insisting on the ruse of attributing the pilfering to the afternoon instead of the night, he probably would have put the young man on his guard against the scheme which had proved successful. He recovered his watch and other articles, paid his hundred pounds cheerfully, and gained a reputation with the 'force' for the extreme readiness with which he put his name down to their subscriptions for deserving objects.

Mr Glisser's proved a very bad case, and he was lost to sight for some years after the date of the Exhibition of 1862.

#### AN INVOCATION.

Come from the far-off spirit-world to-night,  
And bathe once more my sad and weary soul  
In all the softened splendours of thy light;  
Oh! in my anguish, leave me not alone.

Let me but see the shadow of thy face;  
Let me but hear the music of thy wings;  
E'en that, I think, would from my soul efface  
The subtle agony Death always brings.

Come not transfigured by the light of love,  
In garments of thy soul's pure bliss arrayed,  
For my sad spirit cannot rise above  
The grave, where all its fondest hopes are laid.

Come rather clothed in thy humanity,  
With the same softened sadness on thy brow,  
And winning sweetness of those eyes, to me  
Nought but a tender recollection now.

So in thy twilight smile, half-light, half-shade,  
The memories of the past will gain new life,  
The outlines of my grief will softly fade,  
And in that rest I shall forget the strife.

On Saturday, January 2, 1875, will be commenced  
in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

WALTER'S WORD.

By the Author of *At Her Mercy*.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.